

*The history*

*Paris* should nere retrace, what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuite,

*Pria.* *Paris* you speake  
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights,  
You haue the hony still, but these the gall,  
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not meere to my selfe,  
The pleasures such a beautie brings with it,  
But I would haue the soile of her faire rape,  
Wip't of in honorable keeping her,  
What treason were it to the ransackt queene,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliuer her possession vp  
On tearmes of base compulsion? can it be,  
That so degenerate a straine as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to drawe,  
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestowd, or death vnfam'd,  
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,  
The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

*Hect.* *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well,  
And on the cause and question now in hand,  
Haue glozd, but superficially, not much  
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought  
Vnsit to heere *Marrall Philosophie*;  
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distempred blood,  
Then to make vp a free determination  
Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and reuenge,  
Haue eares more deafe then Adders to the voyce  
Of any true decision. Nature craues  
All dues be rendred to their owners. Now  
What nearer debt in all humanitie,  
Then wife is to the husband? if this lawe  
Of nature be corrupted through affection

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,  
To their benummed wills resist the same,  
There is a lawe in each well-orderd nation,  
To curbe those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refracturie;  
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,  
As it is knowne she is, these morrall lawes  
Of nature and of nations, speake alowd  
To haue her back returnd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion  
Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,  
My spritely brethren, I prebend to you  
In resolution to keepe *Helen* still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,  
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

*Tro.* Why there you toucht the life of our designs  
Were it not glory that we more affected,  
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,  
I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood,  
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,  
She is a theame of honour and renowne,  
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize vs,  
For I presume braue *Hector* would not loose  
So rich aduantage of a promised glory,  
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,  
For the wide worlds reueneu.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great *Priamus*,  
I haue a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,  
VWill shrike amazement to their drowisie spirits,  
I was aduertizd, their great generall slept,  
VWhilst emulation in the armie crept:  
This I presume will wake him.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*